



Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine

Volume 8 *Footprints*

Article 24

5-1-2001

Seeing Stars (Part Two)

Julia Brzhosnevskiy
NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Brzhosnevskiy, Julia (2001) "Seeing Stars (Part Two)," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 8, Article 24.
Available at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol8/iss1/24

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized administrator of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

Seeing Stars

(Part Two)

Julia Brzhosnevskiy

Secrets are almost impossible to keep. The longer you stay quiet, the more they grow inside of you, spreading, like a disease, taking over your being until you are almost ready to burst and scream them out. I've almost reached that point of drastic explosion, but every time I sense fire, I call for the fire extinguishers, that is read over the letter and remind myself what the whole deal is about.

I have never done this kind of thing before, although it did cross my mind dozens of times in the past couple of years. But I'd have to win a major jackpot to be able to afford it, or marry some old 99-year-old rich fogie who would leave me his fortune and die a few months into our marriage. I could certainly have fun playing the role of a grieving widow. Or weeping widow. I might have to poke myself in the eye a couple times to get myself to cry, but hey, sacrifices must be made to achieve something remotely significant. I didn't though. I didn't win a lottery. Nor did I marry an old fart. Instead, I met some rich prince from a country I've never heard of. No, not that either. What can a girl possibly do to get something done in this life?

In case you haven't noticed, I've let my imagination run a little wild. I'm still another nonentity with an ordinary job, an ordinary minute house, an ordinary life but some rather extraordinary plans. See, I am going to do something amazing, spectacular and simply unbelievable. I'm not sure what it will be yet, but I'm going to do it. In 25 days, when my friend, who has long diagnosed me with incurable insanity, comes visit me all the way from Morocco, I will give her the best welcoming party she can imagine. She won't ever think that anything is wrong with me again. I'm perfectly sane and willing to prove it. Isn't that what they say in those anti-drug organizations? "Drug-free and willing to prove it"?

I've always wondered how those people can have the nerve to proudly parade with those "drug-free" logos and just throw them in everyone's faces. What if other people have weaknesses? You can't blame them for being human.

(to be continued...)